

The Last Sea Serpent of Summer.

If YOU Had a Wife Like This. By F. C. Long

THE NEW PLAY

"The Great Divide"
Is as Big
As Its Name.

THE Little Princess Theatre is holding one of the biggest plays of years. Mr. Henry Miller and Miss Margaret Anglin have struck it rich in "The Great Divide," and with a single step William Vaughn Moody has placed himself in the front rank of American dramatists. His strong, vital and natural drama makes the work of our chronic playwrights seem puny and artificial by comparison. Just at a time when it seemed that the sun had set on the Western play with its smugged square man and its upturned beard, Mr. Moody has cleared away the clutter and planted it squarely and firmly on the stage.

The "Great Divide" is bound to cause a difference of opinion. It's a bold play with a daring theme, and the small-minded, the timid and the conventional will probably condemn it on its first act. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," is no less true than the original saying, but Mr. Moody proves both true and shows that the primitive in man is even mightier than the New England conscience. The surprising thing about it is that here is a college professor who has taken his play from life instead of from the library. He has preferred red blood to blue ink. But his play is something much bigger and deeper than the mere conflict between a Puritan conscience and the joy of living. It represents something that is at the very core of humanity—the eternal struggle between the light that has led man beyond his own gods and the dark savagery that puts him beneath the beast.

Last night's audience held its breath when it saw three drunken brutes snarling like so many wolves over Ruth Jordan, left helpless in a lonely ranch-house in the Arizona desert. There was no mistaking their purpose. It was an ugly scene, but at that point hardly any of the audience followed wholly convincing. This, it is understood, is due to the fact that the "dog" on which it was tried out of town barked a loud protest. Matters were arranged a bit too easily. Ruth had only to turn to Stephen Ghent with her prayer for protection and her promise to go with him to the nearest justice of the peace, and not even the dice were shaken. A greaser was bought off with a string of nuggets, and Ghent made short work of the other fellow with a bullet.

Ruth and the audience waited for Ghent to come back, and the audience waited for Ruth to shoot Ghent when he came for a good chance by leaving his gun on the table and turning his back. Under the circumstances almost any man with nerve enough to pull a trigger would have taken that chance. But no. Ruth asked instead that he take away the pistol and save her from the temptation to shoot herself, and she allowed herself to be dragged into a mid-night marriage that made her New England-conscience sit up and sorrow.

"The Great Divide" plays a curious trick on your sympathies by keeping them just at the edge of the footlights. You pity Ruth, yet you blame her; and later you pity Ghent, but you can't wholly sympathize with him in his loveless condition. Stephen Ghent represents the strange dual thing in man—the nature that rendered him a beast, yet was capable of a rebirth that made him a finer, larger creature than the wife who could not rise above and beyond the ugly, brutal beginning of their life together. Mr. Moody's philosophy is more pagan than Christian. He is in the best sense of that much-abused word. "Whiskey, the devil and nature" made Ghent a new man by giving him his wife, and his only excuse for the savage wooing was that he was a diamond in the rough. For a college professor, that's putting it simply if not beautifully. The child that is born after Ruth goes back to home and mother without her husband is the one good excuse for the "happy ending" of the play. Even New England would accept that excuse. It is high time then for Ruth to forget that she was "bought like an Indian squaw."

Miss Anglin is equal to the many moods of Ruth. Her acting is admirable. Mr. Miller, as Ghent, is also very good, but his English is too good. He should speak it a bit. He has started the play in a splendid manner. The rugged beauty of that "root of the world" on which Ghent's cabin stands at the top of the Catalina Mountains could not be surpassed. The taciturn, faithful Len Anderson that Mr. Robert Cummings fits into that picture is a diamond in the rough. Miss Laura Hope Crews, as a comfortably human little philosopher with red-rimmed theories, is decidedly clever and amusing, and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen is much more than a mere stage mother to Ruth.

"The Great Divide" is a natural play naturally acted, with feeling that runs as deep as the shaft in Stephen Ghent's mine. CHARLES DARNTON.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

A Hardening Pomade.

M—I give you the strongest pomade you have asked for. Of old sweet almonds, 500 grams; white wax, 100 grams; tincture of benzoin, 50 grams; rose water, 50 grams; pulverized tannin, 25 grams. This pomade should not be used as a massage cream, but should be applied after massage, to restore shrunken or flabby skin.

A Simple Remedy.

MRS. B.—This remedy for parasites is so often called for that mothers would do well to preserve it for use. Get a cake of bicarbonate of mercury soap (the important is the best), and cut it into halves and shave one-half into fine bits. Dissolve it in boiling water. You may set the mixture on the stove over a gentle heat if you choose. You should have water to form a jelly-like mixture when cold. To use, first wet the hair thoroughly with clear, warm water, then rub the soap mixture into the hair, taking care that every particle of the scalp is thoroughly saturated with the soap mixture. Give the head a good shampoo with this mixture and rinse several times. If you follow these directions correctly the result will be successful.

Vaseline for Hair.

INTERESTED.—Vaseline, either white or dark, is a great hair-grower and will be safely applied with a small brush, as you suggest. In hot weather, the cold cream is better in the refrigerator. Any other time, leave on the toilet among other cosmetics.

To Cure Whiteheads.

LILIE.—Here is a recipe for whiteheads, or acne, which your symptoms seem to indicate: Open each seed case with the point of a fine cambric needle. The hardened mass must be pressed or pricked out. The empty sack of the gland should then be bathed with a little toilet vinegar and water, or with a very weak solution of carbolic acid and water. Sterilize the needle before using it by dipping it into boiling water.

Nose Too Fat.

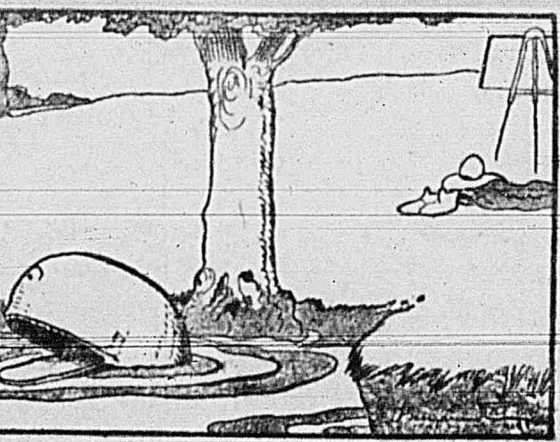
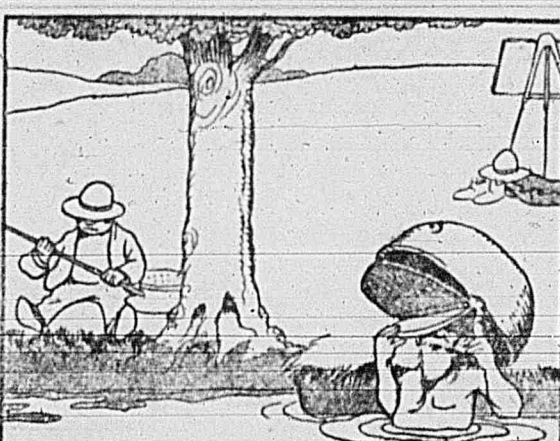
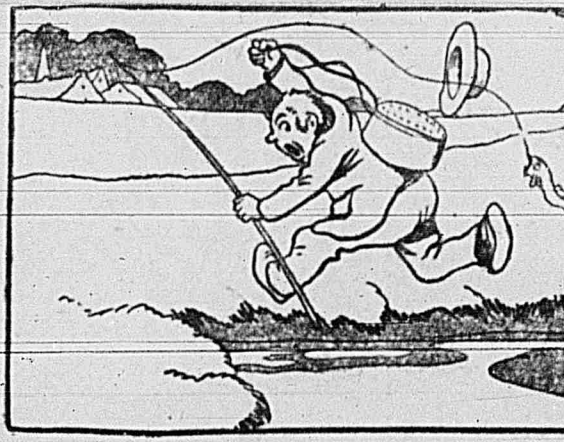
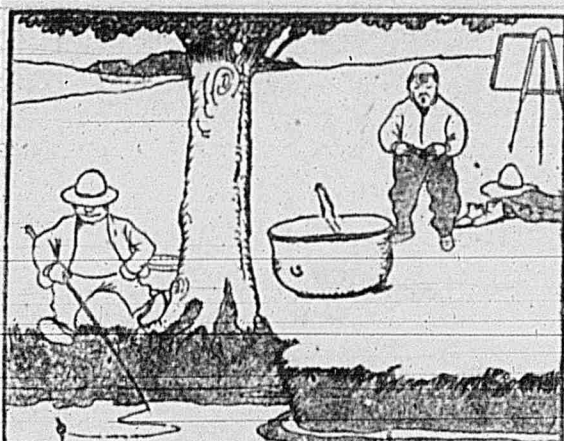
MISS L. D. W.—Try this asthetogen lotion. It may reduce the size you so dislike. Hardening pomade—Of old sweet almonds, 500 grams; white wax, 100 grams; tincture of benzoin, 50 grams; rose water, 50 grams; pulverized tannin, 25 grams. This pomade should not be used as a massage cream, but should be applied after massage, to restore shrunken or flabby skin.

May Manton's Daily Fashions



Tucked Kimono—Pattern No. 5481.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.



London Sketch.

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

LOVE AND ECONOMY.

"CAN I afford to marry a man who earns \$10 a week?" This question has come to me twice lately from girls who professed to be very much in love with the men they were considering for their husbands.

There is a great deal involved in this matter that does not appear on the surface. It seems almost impossible for two people to live on \$10 a week in this town, but it can be done. If they are willing to get along by living on the bare necessities of life and in the poorest part of the town it can be done. They will have to make a few clothes last a very long time. There will be a chance that a third little person may arrive, and what will it live on? Still, if their love is strong enough it can surmount these difficulties and make them easy.

The right kind of love is the most wonderful thing in the world, and it can live on \$10 a week anywhere, even in New York!

Too Much Mother-in-Law.

DEAR BETTY: WAS once married to a young man whom I thought I loved very dearly. But I lived with my mother-in-law and my life was made very unhappy.

My husband and I determined to separate and were divorced. After two years I met another young man and we have learned to love each other very dearly. He has asked me to marry him. A crisis in my life seems to have occurred, because my former husband wishes me to become his wife again, assuring me he has never ceased to love me. Now what you, Betty, as I can never forget him and I wish very much to marry this other young man.

Merry the man you love now. Which ever one you choose, resolve never to see the other again.

A Car Flirtation.

DEAR BETTY: AM a girl eighteen years old. A few days ago I saw a very handsome young man on the street car. He looked nicely at me, but did not try to make eyes. Now I want to meet him very much. How can I do it? U. K. There is no way in which you can meet him unless he seeks you out. Secure an introduction to you, or unless you know some friend of his who can arrange it. I would advise you not to indulge in street-car flirtations.

A Telephone Tragedy.

DEAR BETTY: MET a young girl two years ago at a telephone exchange, where she is at present employed. I see her



A SURE SIGN.

Think I believe that Mary does not love any more. I have just seen her. Jinks—Did she say so much? Binks—No, but she let her little sister sit in the parlor with us last evening—Woman's Home Companion.



The Seven-in-Six Puzzles.

Third Series—Shakespeare.



Hidden Picture 5—Find the Horse.

THE EVENING WORLD here prints a hidden-picture puzzle. It will print one every day. Each picture is complete in itself, but if you will cut out and save the six pictures of each series and put them together properly at the end of the week you will be surprised to find that they make one big seventh picture that not only belongs to the group, but without which the series would be incomplete. Save the Shakespeare series and find the seventh hidden picture.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"AMMA," queried four-year-old Bobby, "how does a deaf and dumb boy say his prayers when he's got a sore finger?" "Well, Tommy," said the visitor, "I suppose you like going to school?" "Oh, yes," answered Tommy; "I like goin' all right, and I like comin' home, but it's stayin' there between times that makes me tired."

Daily Knitting Chats. By Laura La Rue.



Designed with Bear Brand Yarns.

Child's Petticoat with Waist.

AM going to tell you about the prettiest petticoat I ever saw. It is made of three-fold Saxony yarn, and this fine thread is knit upon real fine needles that is about No. 10 or 12 steel. The little petticoat is fine and close. The petticoat is made all in one piece, without a seam, excepting that which joins it in the back. In spite of its fineness, it is therefore a very substantial little garment. The rows are worked on the length, each row on two needles because there are too many stitches for one. Most of the knitting, at least the waist part, is all in plain garter stitch. The skirt has a more elaborate pattern, giving a fluted effect like accordion pleating. The cutest buttonholes are worked down the back of the waist. The shoulder straps keep the waist from creeping down. But this petticoat can be made for an older girl, using four-fold Saxony, four-fold German-town, or Spanish yarn. I like the Spanish yarn best. It is strong, yet has a fine appearance.

I will mail full directions for making this pattern to any of my readers who are interested. There will be no charge for sending them. Kindly address Laura La Rue, Knitting Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1484, N. Y. City.

(To Be Continued.)